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Well, here we are again. It's been 10 years since I was involved with **Pen and Ink**. Things have changed a lot, what with the advent of desktop publishing, and the number of talented people who have submitted work to **Pen and Ink** this time around. Perhaps it was all the time between issues that made all these submissions possible--though I hope not. So it's sad that we put off publication another month...but here it is! We'll have our act together by next issue--10 years is too long to wait.

James E. Lyle
Art Director

This was my first attempt at editing! As James wrote, we received some excellent submissions from some talented people--they helped us a lot in putting this issue together. We all hope you enjoy this magazine!

Karin G. Lyle
Editor

Pen and Ink Staff:

Karin G. Lyle - Editor

J. E. Lyle - Art Director

Denise Moore - Business Manager

Bob Harrison and Owen Gibby - Advice and Bad Jokes

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• "Up Front"

Notes & News For Creative Western North Carolina

JUNALUSKA WOMAN'S CLUB LITERARY CONTEST:

The Woman's Club of Lake Junaluska Assembly is sponsoring a contest for a play or a story that can be made into a play; it should be based on some phase of Lake Junaluska's history. The story itself may be fictional or biographical. The prize for the winning entry will be \$1,000. The award of the prize will entitle the Woman's Club to present the story (or play) one or more times without payment of royalty, if the Drama Committee should choose to present it.

The entry should be typed and double-spaced. Two copies should be submitted. The author's name, address and the title of the story (or play) should be on a separate page, but not anywhere on the manuscript.

Information concerning the history of the Lake Junaluska Assembly can be obtained from The Heritage Center, P.O. Box 1165, Lake Junaluska, N.C. Also, Mason Crum's The Junaluska Story, which relates the early history of Lake Junaluska, is available at a number of libraries.

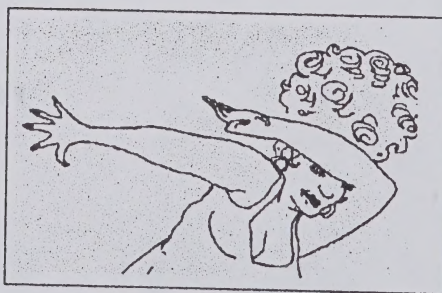
Entries must be postmarked no later than Sept. 1, 1991. They should be sent to Marion H. Garrett, P.O. Box 1148, Lake Junaluska, N.C. 28745.

Me

Me, me, me,
Who am me
I know me.
You know me.
Me you know
Different
Than I know me.
Who am me?
Who are you?
Do you know me?
Do I know you?

by Eugenia L. Johnson
Commercial Art Instructor

Published in World Treasury of Great Poems
by Eddie-Lou Cole, 1980



Pink

The Rodeo

Delane Hamilton

The air is filled with a cacophony of sound. The jingle of spurs and the slap of leather mingle with the braying of bulls and horses and the excited chatter of the audience. Around the arena a layer of sawdust has settled over the chutes, rails, seats, and even the contestants. The cowboys, which are dressed in loud, bold colors with chaps strapped about their thighs and hats jammed low on their brows, silently prepare their bodies and rigging for the upcoming battle of cunning, courage, and expertise. Aware of the tension, the animals shuffle about stirring up more dust. Clowns' faces brightly painted add to the gaiety lounged casually around the chutes. The audience waits expectantly for the playing of the national anthem and the parade of riders that always precede the beginning of the rodeo--the heart-stopping contest between man and animal.

Music Review

I wouldn't be at all surprised if you've never heard of Todd Rundgren. He's not had a hit record in years. Some that you may recall are: Hello It's Me, I Saw the Light and We Gotta Get You a Woman. In recent years he has become known more for his production abilities, having produced for Hall & Oates, Grand Funk, Meatloaf, Alice Cooper, Psychedelic Furs, Cheap Trick, The Tubes and more recently Jill Sobule. In addition, he has played with such people as the Spencer Davis Group (Gimme Some Lovin'), Edgar Winter (Frankenstein), Stevie Nicks, Rick Derringer (Rockin' Roll Hoochie Coo) and Dan Hartman (I Can Dream About You).

In his 22-year recording career, he has recorded 27 albums, and the making of 2nd Wind makes a grand total of 28. Those of you who are still unfamiliar with him are probably wondering, with 28 albums to his credit, how you could have missed him.

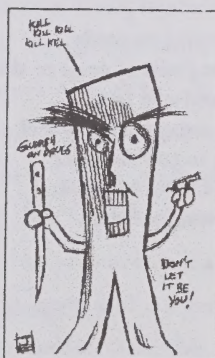
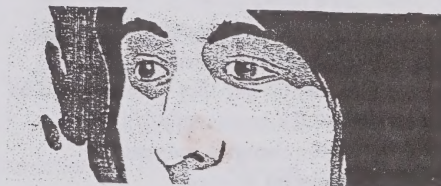
His initial success came in the late 60's with a group called "Nazzy." Later, with his band Utopia, he recorded half a dozen more albums. Also, for those of you who watch MTV, he is credited as being the creator of "rock videos." He was the first to successfully integrate music and video technology at Utopia Video, in Bearsville, N.Y., in 1976.

In his latest album, "2nd Wind," Todd starts off with:

- #1...CHANGE MYSELF--Todd talks of our desire to change the world--but how can we expect to change other people when we can't change ourselves? This is an excellent song with terrific production and some of Todd's biting lyrics.
- #2...LOVE SCIENCE--Starts with a punchy upbeat bass riff, accompanied by drums and keyboard, that leads into a tight, funky tune complete with staccato horn and sax solo. It's the story of a scientist trying to create the substance of which love is made, and distribute it equally the world over to make a world of peace and harmony. Love that count-off intro to the sax solo.
- #3...WHO'S SORRY NOW--For me, this is the most poignant song on the album. It's a haunting, superbly produced number about the world's problems and how they always seem to happen to someone else; while we tend to our own business, until it finally does happen to us... a mighty powerful song.
- #4...THE SMELL OF MONEY--One of the three songs on the album from the Joe Orton play "Up Against It." This is a samba-like song about a pompous, filthy-rich individual who fancies himself the wealthiest man in the world. This song, for me, is the hardest to get into but it does show Todd's ability to write many types of music.
- #5...IF I HAVE TO BE ALONE--Another song from the stage show that tells the story of a lonely guy who is a jerk, and what made him one.
- #6...LOVE IN DISGUISE--This is the third cut from "Up Against It." This is a digitally orchestrated choral song that was cut, from act one of the play, by the director. Give it a listen. You decide.
- #7...KINDNESS--An ode to Todd's Grandmum.
- #8...PUBLIC SERVANT--A rockin' number about politicians and their ability to say whatever it takes to get elected, but whom have a sudden memory loss after the election.
- #9...GAYA'S EYES--This song sounds more like a return to Todd's familiar earlier style, with his tendency to over-produce. In this song, the ancient Greek word for Earth, Gaya, is used to portray a beautiful woman used and treated badly by her children (i.e. us earthlings).
- #10...2ND WIND--The title cut is a nice easy song that ties up and unifies the album's message about idealism, that it is not an exclusivity of the young.

This is a very good album and it's certainly apparent that Todd has learned a lot in his 22 years in the business. It is superbly produced and well-paced and would make a good addition to anyone's music library.

W.L.S.



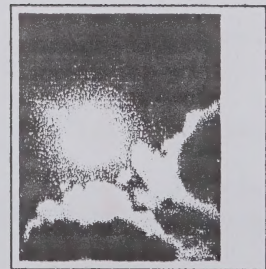
Gumbee

Happiness Defined

Happiness,
 What is it?
 It's a moment---
 A fragile and precious moment;
 A moment as delicate
 As any flower that withers and dies
 With the coming of night
 Or the changing seasons;
 A moment as rare
 As the lovely and graceful whooping crane;
 A moment as brief
 As a single word
 Or a wistful glance almost unnoticed;
 A moment as costly
 As the finest of gems so skillfully faceted---
 So costly, in fact,
 That many prefer to look
 Than to pay the price
 For a thing so fragile,
 So rare, So brief

----- Eugenia Johnson

Sun



8 SECONDS TO GLORY

Eight seconds may not seem like such a long time, but to the cowboy in the rodeo it can stretch into an eternity. The last event of the evening--bullriding--has just begun. The first rider, contestant #167, has drawn a fierce bull named Mr. Locomotion, a big heavily-muscled Brahma. All eyes swivel towards the chute, a narrow stall not much wider or longer than the bull himself, as the rider tries to settle his legs around the broad shoulders of Mr. Locomotion. His one gloved hand, sticky with resin to intensify his grip, is wrapped around his rigging, the rider's only means of trying to cling to the back of the ferocious bucking bull. Additional cowboys surround the chute, assisting the rider in his preparations. With a final slide into place, against his gloved hand the rider gives a fierce nod and the gatekeeper jerks open the gate. The bull explodes out of the chute with a mighty snort, bucking and twisting, trying to dislodge the unwelcome weight from his back. The rider digs his spurs into the bull's shoulders, his chaps flapping, his free hand whipping and jerking above his head as he tries to maintain his precarious balance in spite of the bull's erratic but powerful bucks. Then, just as he feels he can no longer control his fragile balance, the bell sounds. As the clowns move in to distract the bull, the rider unhooks his gloved hand from the rigging and jumps to the ground. The enraged bull tries to make one final deadly lunge at the downed rider, but the clowns, now aware of the danger, step to the inside and draw the bull's attention. Contestant #167 rises to his feet, slaps ineffectually at the dust on his chaps, and with a pleased and satisfied grin, tips his hat to the cheering crowd. Tonight, he has triumphed over his nemesis, the bull. He exudes pride and confidence; he has attained his eight seconds of glory.

Delane Hamilton

Letters To The Counselor

Dear Counselor,

A friend of mine has been kicked out of his house by his parents. They've been giving him a lot of grief about him wanting to go to college. They think he should be working in their business instead of wasting his time going to school. They told him that the business will be his someday and that they had worked hard to have something for him. He is having trouble meeting expenses and his car broke down. Now he thinks maybe he should be a good son and give up his dream.

-A friend

Dear Friend,

It's always difficult to go against a parent's wishes, especially when we feel we owe them something. And it's not easy to support yourself with a limited income. However, each of us can only live our own life. We can't fulfill someone else's dream. If we try, we may become bitter or always regret that we didn't "go for it". Often we wind up doing the same thing to our children. Tell your friend to visit the financial aid office at the school he attends, there are grants and loans that he may qualify for. It may also be helpful for him to talk to a teacher or a counselor that he trusts for support and guidance. You can be a big help by continuing to be a friend who cares.

Dear Counselor,

I'm a commercial art student. I notice a lot of people around campus resent us. I don't understand why. I've even heard instructors saying that commercial art is an easy degree. I don't go around slamming others' curriculum! I wish someone would explain to them that no course is an easy course.

-Angry

Dear Angry,

It really is frustrating when others make comments about us when they don't have all the facts. Art has gotten a bad press for years. Many see art as "fun", therefore it's not hard. The truth is that we all should choose a career based on what interests us or what is "fun" to us. Commercial Art is probably one of the most demanding curriculums offered at SCC. I took basic drawing winter quarter and had to drop out because I didn't have the time to finish all the projects. I always advise students entering commercial art to develop good time management skills and if possible, not to work. Hang in there, I hope you have fun while you work hard.

All Of The Wonderful Things You Could Do If You Were Born Of Royalty

He's down, he can't get up
He lay there, count backwards
He dream there, sleep backwards

We think life is a drug
One breath and you're hooked
No fault overlooked from then on
Some come in other life-forms
remember that bee that you stepped on when you were young?
It died as you were stung
It's the lowest to the highest
With all judgements unbiased

Confrontation, one after another
I'm never quite sure how it happens
One steady pulse setting up a breakdown
I don't need to describe the noises I've heard
All equations are solved because they don't need words

We scratch towards the pulse
It opens and we fall
Blind weekends with no soul
.....there's still the noise

We never wake up, we keep falling in our sleep
Move on up the block to Nowhere Special
Ignorant to slaughter like sheep
Playing to the asteroids and the deltoids and the hemorrhoids

We talk about peace and love
We never get it, it never happens
You'll never see nude dancing in Red Square
We laugh about it, never there
Ysee, the fuse burned out long before I arrived
I just drove up in this cheap Caddie talking stupid white juve
Old ladies turn to rock and crumble
Old men into stone, propping up pigeons.....

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THE WHIRLPOOL MACHINE

Robert Sim

It stood stiff and reclusive in the confines of that dark and gloomy room, all but consumed in the enshrouding shadows caused by the setting sun. It retained a faint glint of red on the worn steel dials which belied its true purpose as it seemed to gloat in the last rays of an April sundown. It was a monolith to the mass production of a bygone era. The dust and fuzz of seemingly untold ages was buried like a secret in the depths of its cavities.

It was an ugly machine to be sure. Not inherently ugly, you understand, but something puzzling that you couldn't quite put your finger on. It contained somewhere within it all the inconsistencies that denied logic. Like how only the pharmacist can decipher a doctor's handwriting or when your food comes in a restaurant only after you light a cigarette. Perhaps it would be more to the point to say that it's like when you put two socks in a washing machine and only get back one! Yes, it was a Whirlpool all right, and that scrap of information could only serve to heighten one's apprehension upon its whole enigmatic existence. It was unclear.

There was nothing to be found underneath or amid the intermittent chips about its white, enamel-encrusted exterior that exposed the answer to the riddle this machine concealed. In fact, all that could be seen was the dark galvanized steel that was hidden underneath. No, there was nothing there that could give away anything of its sinister intentions. Underneath perhaps? No, nothing there but a mouse trap and a few cobwebs. There was nothing behind it but the electrical umbilical cord where the fiend drew its power. Upon carefully scrutinizing, it became increasingly obvious that the answer must lie....within.

"And what is that riddle so inextricably interwoven into the existence of this peculiar washing machine?" one might ask. Somewhere deep down in the interior of that hellion's core, under the cotton and polyester fabrics, the table linens and bluejeans, must lie the very fabric of space and time. A black hole, where nothing that enters the vicelike grip of it's vortex can escape, not even socks. Any reasonable man with forty unmatched socks would come to the same conclusion.

Once again as that fateful hour draws near, a desperate man with a bundle of dirty clothes apprehensively lumbers down the hallway to the laundry room where his own private demon awaits him. As he loads his colors into the bowels of that bubbling primordial soup, he ponders the fate of his last pair of matching socks. He weighs alternatives such as, "will I end up with two dissimilar socks, one sock, or no socks at all? Is there a planet that is covered with nothing but unmatched socks?" As he shuts the lid and the vicious cycle begins, he is agitated by the vision that somewhere on the other side of the world an aged Czechoslovakian man laughs as he pulls from his washing machine an extra red sock.

I cannot see from one end of the vast room to the other because of the rows and rows of shelves containing books and periodicals. As I amble through with awe and respect, pondering the silent sentinels of information, I see intriguing, esoteric titles; there are subjects I never gave any thought about, yet now want to delve into immediately. I pull a book from its resting place and bury my face deeply into the opened pages. I capture the essence of the paper, aged yet timeless. This room contains more periodicals than I knew existed; how I wish it were my duty to read each piece of work here! The lighting is excellent; I find a myriad of long, wide windows and an abundance of fluorescent panels in the low, noise-absorbing ceiling. I notice long tables with just-the-right-kind of chairs tucked up to them, waiting to give service to me. There are also cozy-looking wingback chairs without tables; they beckon me to sit in them with my legs curled up, reading fiction, something I have had no time for lately. I see small, windowless rooms with private desks and chairs, empty except for the microfilm machines ready to obey my bidding. The silence gives me a tranquil sense of well-being. It is Spring Break; the students have left for the holiday, and the library is mine.



Deborah Tent

Amish Think Tank -From "Sister Voodoo"

"Come a little closer," said the man with no fingers
Who used to stay down by the switching yard
He'd watch the trains, sometimes he would ride them
When he felt that the times were getting a little too hard
He'd pack his bags, move to a piece of new country
That he would work for a period of time
He'd work all day but come the nightfall
He'd take a swim, get lost in the wine

He lost his fingers trying to hop a freightcar
That didn't want to take him along
He clung to the track as the wheels sliced them open
Forever knowing that his fingers were gone
But he said "Don't worry 'cos my life is soon ending
One day I know I'll get all ten of
them back

I'm the old man riding Boxcar Ninety-Five
And I'll soon be travelling that very same track...

A few months later the old man passed away
He died on the eve of the first fallen snow
They had his funeral, a few friends attended
But there was so much that they didn't know
And as he journeyed, his spirit lighter than the crystals
He spotted his train parked below on the track
He saw Boxcar Ninety-Five like a maiden in waiting
He had come to get his fingers back
As he touched down, the train started moving
Whistle blowing, mist steaming in his face
He started running, he just had to catch it
'Cos it was going to a very special place

He reached out to grab the floor of the boxcar
When he jumped he heard the steam engines roar
Opening his eyes to see if he had made it
He heard the conductor say "Welcome aboard!"

The old man paid the price of his ride
Which was now taking him to a far better land
And with delight he looked down to see
Ten new fingers stemming from his hands.....

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR (Franklin's Romance)

It's Jackie's party
Meet the coolest of cools
But go to Jackie's parties
You've got to play by Jackie's rules
And when you go to parties
Rules just get in the way
So you may go to Jackie's parties
But it's best not to stay

Jackie's got call-waiting, selective dating
A nice sports-car for serious motorvating
She's dressed for success, yes, and she's upward bound
But no one will miss her when she decides to leave town

He's Jackie's boyfriend
And he looks big and strong
But to be Jackie's boyfriend
You've got to take her friends along
And when you've got a girlfriend
People are only a distraction
So you may one day be Jackie's boyfriend
But you'll never get much action

She's reet 'n' complete, and she's made for the street
She might let you touch but she won't let you eat
She likes to pump iron on the steroid scene
Ride the tower of power in the sauna's in-between

It's Jackie's life
And she looks unfulfilled
But to live Jackie's life
You've got to smile while you kill
And when you live in a dreamworld
Reality just gets in the way
Jackie's having another party
It's a week from Saturday....

Voices of Spring

Many are the voices of Spring
 As May and June draw nigh:
 The honey bees' buzzing;
 The woodpeckers' pecking;
 The coo of a dove on a warm Spring day;
 The whip-poor-wills' calling;
 The Spring peepers' peeping;
 The low low base of the bull frogs' bellowing;
 The house wrens' chirping;
 The humming birds' humming;
 The soprano-like notes of the indigo bunting;
 The hoot owls' hooting;
 The crickets' chirping;
 The ruffled grouse drumming;
 The shrill shrill whistle of the Cooper hawk's crying.

These are the voices of Spring--
 In the tree tops singing,
 In the grass wet with dew--
 God's orchestra in all its magnificence,
 Delivering their best
 Night after night,
 Day after day,
 Until the first cool winds of an autumn day;
 Then begins a chorus of brand new voices.

by Eugenia L. Johnson



You came as a caterpillar
 moving slow
 weighed down with an aching heart and frozen tears
 yearning for a new day.

Then you learned the truth
 you were not alone.
 Tears fell as secrets were revealed,
 together you wove your cocoon.

A time of work and struggle
 you accepted the challenge
 building accomplishments with tools of change
 reaching and growing to help each other.

A new day is dawning
 here is a different creature
 with wings of beauty
 free to choose where she will fly
 with joy and wonder
 ready to begin a new beginning.

---Sarah Altman



Smith Darhama

In the beginning, he was just a poor eastern farm boy. There was no money; Hoover's depression was at its worst. There were no wants, only needs. He never went hungry; there was cornmeal, rabbit, fish and squirrel. Perhaps the survival, the day to day tooth and nail existence; killing, cutting and gutting, was what molded the spirit of a good business man.

Everyone knew the Deacon was a wealthy man. He used to tie his big boat up at the marina and go lean on his new caddy and talk about how he was hurting on money matters. People listened and nodded, "Yes, Deacon, I reckon you're right Deacon." It was one of those nauseating traits of the nouveau rich that people generally put up with because in one way or another the Deacon has his thumb in every pie in town; few could afford his anger.

It seemed like the older the Deacon got the more Christian he became. A Presbyterian minister bowed up in his face one time and asked the Deacon if he felt Jesus owed him a favor. A hush fell over the crowd. The Deacon, to everybody's surprise, responded like a calm gentleman; he replied, "No, sir Parson, I reckon not."

The Deacon didn't like Presbyterians anyhow, so it didn't bother him in the least to put a strangle hold on the congregation's tithes, poison the man with scandal, and run him right out of town. After all the Bible says an eye for an eye....The Deacon was a good business man and a good Bible following Christian.

The Deacon had lots of businesses: farming, shipping, food processing, construction, real estate, and various wholesale operations. The Deacon was also into politics. He was the youngest man ever elected to the town board. Politics was a fine business for the Deacon. Why, what other endeavor could give him such an opportunity for community service and at the same time make him privy to inside information? Why, as a public servant he just about cleaned out the zoning board. They had been against progress, and all the new jobs his latest shopping center had created.

Anytime the Deacon was out to get anyone he usually did. It seemed like the only people he couldn't control were his family. The Deacon was his brother's keeper. The Deacon's right-hand man was his brother. His brother had been raised up in the Deacon's shadow and had taken well to subjugation. He was a funny little man with sad eyes and a nervous tic.

The Deacon's wife had been a fine woman. She was younger than the Deacon by considerable years. She honestly loved the lifestyle he provided her. But, like most who marry for money, she ended up paying with interest; she found out that being a Deacon's wife was at times an embarrassing position to be in. The Deacon sent her to the best doctors in the country. They all said she would never stop drinking until she wanted to.

Her family blamed the good Deacon for their sister's fall into the bottle. They got so nasty about it, that he had to wipe them out financially. Two of the boys left town with their families and their self-respect; the others went to work for the Deacon.

The Deacon's marriage had produced one child: A beautiful little girl who was her daddy's prize possession. In spite of the fact that she was the Deacon's daughter, she was not the least spoiled. She had always been aloof, and melancholy. The whole town reeled when she took her own life during her sophomore year at Carolina.

The rest of the Deacon's family were a bunch of upstarts. They criticized him every move he made, they fought him at every turn. The majority of them went door to door campaigning against him when he ran for office.

The daughter of his loyal brother had been busted with five pounds of pot in her locker at school, and even though the Deacon was on the town board, that principal pressed charges. She didn't even thank her uncle when he ruined the principal and ran him out of town.

His family was constantly embarrassing him; he thought that they conspired to do it. He once had a private eye gather proof to that effect - but to no avail. Most of them felt they were more embarrassed by him, than they were embarrassing to him.

The Deacon had one other Achilles's heel that was a source of embarrassment. He had trouble coping with the loss of his hair. In its place he wore a toupee. An expensive rug, but none the less, a rug.

He was appalled at how people could be so cruel and insensitive, it just wasn't Christian. He would usually collect with interest when someone made jest at his expense. The Deacon was good at collecting his accounts.

Most of the folks in the Deacon's church thought right well of him. He had just about funded the church's new building, even though it was entirely too large for the congregation. Without so much as talking about it the Deacon added a gymnasium to the youth wing. It was half built before the preacher knew what was going on. In fact, the Deacon had equipped the church better than most MCAs. Several of the ladies were upset that the boxing classes for the boys were taught in a church gym.

The church was a show place. If *Better Homes and Gardens* ever did an article of modern, up to date churches, the Deacon's church would surely make the cover.

People couldn't figure out why that church couldn't keep a preacher more than a year or two. They had some good ones. The Deacon was always on the pulpit committee and he usually formed a way for the spirit to move just about any preacher he liked into that church. Usually after a year or two, though, they would feel the call to move on, and usually to a less prosperous congregation.

Were it not for the hard work and staunch fiscal support provided by the Deacon, that church just might have survived.

The Deacon was a good Christian man and a good business man too. That eye of the needle story bothered him, though.

----"Buddah"

If God would have let me choose a mom,
 I know it would have been you.
 Whenever I have a dream
 you always encourage me,
 no matter how outlandish,
 and I love you for it.

I have always had a want of freedom,
 and you've allowed it.
 I thank you for that.

I guess what I want to say is;
 thank you mom, for letting me -
 dream my dreams and
 always believing in me
 when no one else did.

You have been an inspiration to me
 all my life.
 These words cannot express my feelings
 but "I Love You Mom"
 are the only words I can find.

---Denise Moore

If you would bring her happiness,
 give her a call today.
 Wherever you might chance to be,
 however far away.
 Come home, and you will thrill her heart.
 It's not the gifts that you send;
 she wants to see your face,
 to hear your voice.

If you love this precious one,
 then tell her so today.
 For mothers value little things
 that you do and say.
 Unselfishly she lives her life,
 her wants are very few.

To put laughter in her eyes
 and peace within her heart,
 she just needs to see you.
 Take time, come home, she's waiting there;
 bring her a smile today.

---Denise Moore

What do you do when you want to go home,
 and you are home?
 You want to go back to the love,
 that should be there,
 and you are home.
 What do you do when you need all those times?
 The times of happiness along with sorrow,
 and you reach out,
 but all you see for miles are strangers...
 and you are sitting in your own living room.

-anonymous

MEMORIES

Good morning yesterday,
 Wake up and time has slipped away.
 And suddenly it's hard to find
 The memories you left behind.

The laughter and the tears.
 The shadows of misty yester years.
 The good times and the bad you've seen,
 And all the others in between.

Reach back for the joy and sorrow,
 Put them away in your mind.
 For memories are times that you borrow
 to spend, when you live for tomorrow.

---Denise Moore

APRILBUSTING



Tall trees sway in the springtime breeze
 Heaven sings her songs of ease
 As children play in grass fresh and green
 New flowers heighten every living thing
 Kindling put away until another winters day

Young at heart, full of sonic cheer
 Opening up doors now that warm weather's here
 Untouched by death, not knowing about fear

Knowledge is passed from ear to mouth
 Aviaries are opened in the south
 Returning birds on telephone lines
 Eagles fly high over mountains and pines
 New births given in respect to time

May I walk with you today?
 Come take my hand, we'll find our way
 Covering hills and valleys; ancient rays
 Light our paths that we discover
 Under lush green leaves we take deep cover
 Rains fall hard and fast from the sky
 Eager to live and wanting to fly.....

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Sometimes, across the fields of yesterday
a little girl calls to me.
She says something I can't understand.
She holds out her arms to me.
She's looking for something,
something she can't find.
Maybe she's trying to see
the person she's grown up to be.

Denise Moore



—POSSUM

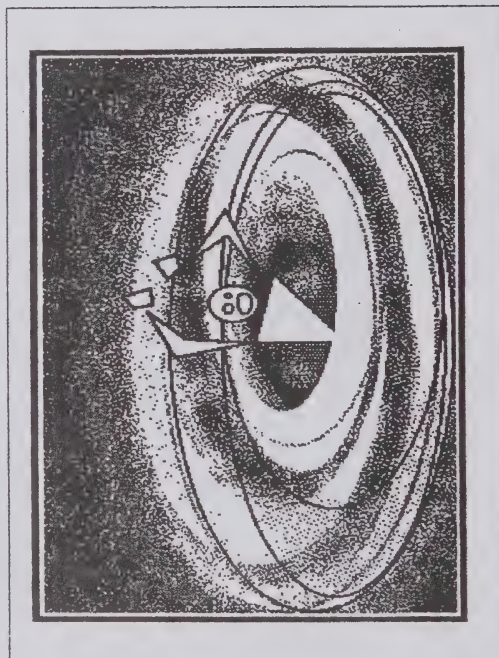
Around and Around We Go!

Life is like a ferris wheel;
 It has its ups,
 And it has its downs.
 Around and around we go!
 Where we stop nobody knows;
 Around and around we go!
 What goes up must come down.
 Around and around we go---
 Over, and over, and over again...

"Let me off!" I cried.
 "I want off this ferris wheel.
 I need more time---
 Time to think,
 Time to pray,
 Time to consider more carefully."
 "What's the use?" you say.
 "Consider what?" you say.
 "It's all too rushed;
 And before you know it,
 The ride's all over..."

"But I want to feel;
 And I want to know;
 And I want to experience
 Each fleeting moment,
 Each passing scene,
 The person in front,
 And the person behind.
 But most of all,
 I want to know that one beside me,
 And that One that abides within me.
 I want more time---
 To experience,
 To know each one."

by Eugenia L. Johnson



Ah, loneliness, my oft times friend,
 I see you've come to call again.
 Why do you sneak in unannounced
 And sadden my heart so?

In busy being do I hide,
 Denying grief hid deep inside,
 I show the world a happy face
 Until you bare my soul.

You've come to bring me to my knees
 Companion to humility,
 And force again to realize
 I am not here alone.

You teach me to reach out a hand,
 To have a friend, to be a friend,
 With softened heart to offer love
 And sing a sweeter song.

In your success you bring about
 Your own demise, leave me without
 A broken heart and tearful eye
 To practice misery.

You will return, no doubt, again
 When loss is new for this new friend.
 You're no more welcome than before,
 Or ever will you be.

Nelma Jean Bryson
 March 24, 1991

Magical Poetry

Imagine a clear day with clouds floating along a gentle breeze, birds singing and bees humming. In the distance a castle is nestled into a hillside, its turrets jutting above the trees and shrubbery. Standing alone in the garden surrounded by a mystical haze, a tall, powerful man studies a large crystal. A mighty wizard, known to all the countryside, explores a new incantation. His spell builds slowly, picturesquely along the lines of a modern day poet's construction, creating an image. Magical spells, a wizard's most important tool, forge and project imagery in a flowing pattern just as a poet's words bring forth an idea, picture, or feeling.

The novice wizard employs simple spells, brief incantations that draw an uncomplicated picture of a physical reality that he wishes to project into a tangible substance. His prose is descriptive but controlled, precise but flowery. His main goal at this point in his development is learning to feel his incantations. He must be able to draw upon his inner self and expand his awareness of animate and inanimate objects. In the same fashion the novice poet develops his perception of landscapes, feelings, and impressions. The poet's goal at first is getting in touch with his ideals, expectations, and views of reality. He must search within himself to draw forth expressive lyrics.

Once the wizard embarks on his apprenticeship along the whimsical path of magic, he opens his senses to his surroundings. Learning that magic inherently thrives on good verse and a quick wit, the apprentice strives for increased knowledge in as many of the sciences as his capabilities can encompass. Knowing that as a spell builds to its climax, so does the verse that composes the spell; the young wizard studies many forms of lyrics, experimenting with rhymes, limericks, odes, ballads, and song. The poet also treads along a path of enrichment. He studies philosophies, nature, humanity, and sciences broadening his knowledge and enabling him to put forth in verse his thoughts and perceptions. He also utilizes many forms of verse to capture an image he wishes to visualize.

As time proceeds forward, so does the wizard's knowledge; he becomes proficient in the manipulation of words and pictures. His verse achieves strength and richness in description and detail. The wizard has learned through self-discovery that magic originates in the heart and in the ability to delve into his own strengths and weaknesses to mold his spells. He understands that by adding gestures and lyrical inflections in his voice when delivering an incantation, then, that incantation becomes reality. His use of verse has matured to such a heightened level of complexity that several images combine in an extended metaphor. Good verse is also the backbone of the poet's creations. His time has been consumed learning about life, nature, and philosophy. He expresses his awareness of his revelations in poetry. His prose alludes to the intangible concepts and ideas. Poetry becomes his magic by painting pictures of his innermost feelings and observations of experiences real and dreamed.

A wizard stands in the garden of a castle, peering into a large crystal, reciting an incantation. Thoughtfully he composes the incantation building upon a descriptive idea that will become a reality with the final utterance of the last verse. His life is fulfilling; his ideas reality. For him, the universe encircles poetry as a medium of expressing his magic. The poet's life is also fulfilling; his poetry manifests his observations of life and his universe acknowledges poetry as a means of sharing his visions. Verse becomes the cornerstone of each man's abilities and dreams, granting both the opportunity to create an actuality for all to see and experience.

Delane Hamilton

Claudia

A large, round, glowing light loomed above my head. A sharp pain in my back told me it was happening again. The pain grew sharper as it circled my abdomen and met at my navel. Almost as quickly as it came, it went away.

I look to the side, trying to focus my eyes on the person sitting in the chair. A bead of sweat rolling off my forehead falls into my eye, burning slightly. I have to focus again. Ah, him, why is he here now?

"Get out!" I scream.

Another figure looms over me, white, it was white. The pain; here it comes again. How many hours have I been here? Or has it been days?

"Breathe." She says

I have to think, clear my head. Another figure; Mom.

"Get him out of here!" I command.

A possession, that's why he's here, it's a possession of his.

"We are going to have to take the baby, Denise."

Who said that? The white figure? The doctor? I can't stay awake, I can't breathe, I can't feel my legs. I'm moving. The bed is rolling, more lights passing over my head as I try to blink them away.

"We are going to cut you vertically, Denise," a voice behind my head. What the heck is vertically.

"No blood, I don't want anyone else's blood!" I yell.

Low voices, I can't comprehend what is being said.

"Denise, Rodney wants to come in with you. Is that alright with you?"

The pain is here again, I can't think. Why can't I feel my legs? Another large round glowing light. What is he putting on my face? Oxygen, it must be oxygen. Sleep, I have to sleep....

What's that noise? Crying, a small squeaky noise. Sounds like a duck, a sick duck. It must be somebody's baby.

"It's a girl," she says.

---Denise Moore

I take the time to hear her prayers at night,
 and cuddle her a little bit,
 Tell her a story now and then,
 and take a little time to sit
 and listen to her childish talk,
 or take her for a little walk.

I realize that soon
 she will be gone (the years are swift)
 For life just marches on and on,
 and heaven holds no sweeter gift
 than my little girl with her soft brown curls,
 who leaves her toys just anywhere.

A picnic is such a treat.
 Skipping rocks in the creek,
 and listening to the sounds of the earth.
 I am filled with wonder and delight
 as I watch her discover the world
 and answer questions I never got to ask.

We take the time to laugh and sing and play,
 to really cherish and enjoy
 my little girl with soft brown curls.
 She asks so little, being small.
 Just love and tenderness, that's all.

Denise Moore

Friendship Lost

A careless word,
A thoughtless deed,
A troubled expression---
Inflicting hurt
On one another,
Pain---
A lost friendship.

By Eugenia L. Johnson

Time Passes

Feel joy.
Look for good.
Do for others,
For time passes.
Don't waste it.
Can't hoard it.
Just use it
And be glad.

By Eugenia L. Johnson



MORNING TORPEDOES

(phase 1: The New York Deli Movement)

Cinema tonight
 All in a line of roses
 This is the place
 The bland comes out better
 Like legions of little baby aria's
 Teeth and tongues in constant use
 Debts to be paid
 A chance meeting that could've been better
 But it's a sacred thing, y'know
 Can't be tampered with

Life in an instant
 Fifteen minutes, to be exact

Countdown to the Goddess
 She's off and running
 With the heads of young children
 Who scream in jubilation
 They've been freed from the Industrial Home

Hilton Wylder needs a place to lay his head
 He's been on the road since March
 What he finds he makes perfect
 So, umm, yeah, that's what he means
 And he hails himself a cab
 Gets in, closes the door,
 And throws himself into another country
 Goes spiralling past rush-hour
 Into tunnels, over bridges
 Governing all of the rooms and ridges
 Fish-tailed into a corner
 Right past the liquid fruit stand
 Where Mario and Marco
 Do business out of a pick-up truck
 And he's laughing all the way
 Writes a check
 Says "Driver, keep the change"
 Shuts the door to lower Hejway
 Touches open pavement
 And runs away from the headlights....

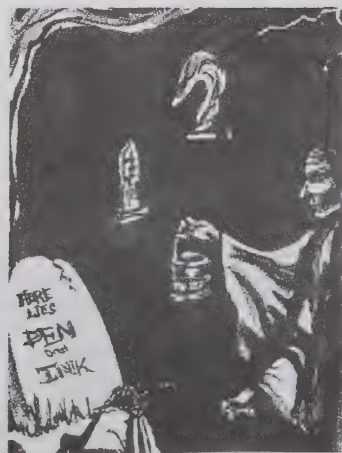
Intafada Da Ulla

The prince of darkness moved on,
or so it would appear.
A bright white light blinded him,
and drove him out of here.

But in the twilight,
yet there lies,
his countenance of bile.
And in the shadows of his blackness,
his minion still do file.
Marching to his fading drum-beat,
going out of style.

Stay the course,
the status quo,
the only hope they have.
But soon their marked house of cards will fall,
from their own idiot wind.
And they will see their enemy,
the deep hollow black within.

Submitted by Jack Ringhoff



WAYLAND, KENTUCKY, 1940

By Virginia M. Hall

Kentucky mining towns of the 1930's and '40's belonged to the Coal Companies which owned the leases for the coal that ran for miles beneath the mountains. The largest companies were Elkhorn Coal Company and Bethlehem Steel. Their land agents came into the mountains in the late 1800's to buy up the leases from the mountaineers who owned the land. Some of these leases were purchased for as little as \$.50 an acre. This was a lot of money for a man who owned hundreds of acres of hillside and would see only \$10 to \$20 cash in a year.

The Company bought the land and constructed complete, self-sufficient towns. All the houses were owned by the Company and everyone paid rent, from \$5 to \$20 a month.

Since the Company owned everything, it provided everything for the town. Taxes from the Coal Companies gave the School Boards more money, so new elementary schools and high schools were always constructed in the mining towns to accommodate the influx of miners with their large families.

A church and parsonage, usually Methodist, was provided by the Company. The people in the surrounding areas were mostly Baptists and their churches were scattered throughout the mountains outside the town. The local people felt the Methodist church was a "society" church because the congregation did not kneel to pray and they sprinkled instead of baptizing in the creeks that ran through the mountains. Since there was no Catholic church, a priest came to town once a month and held mass in one of the homes of the Italian and Polish families.

The streets and neighborhoods were laid out according to the importance of position with the Company. The main street consisted of the schools, church, post office, company store, company office, theater, hotel, doctor's office and hospital, fountain, and the jail at the end of the street.

Between the post office and the company office, set way back from the street, was the Superintendent's house. It was decorated by one of the big department stores in Huntington or Louisville. The people who lived there were almost revered. The Superintendent was the only link between the small town, nestled between the mountains, and the Coal Company in a large, distant city. He was responsible for running the mine and the town. His position set him and his family apart. Even their yard, set in seclusion among the trees and shrubs, seemed to say: "We are here, but we are not one of you; we are different; we are not 'neighborly'; don't come too close." They were well-educated, came from large cities in the northeast, and we thought they were rich. We were intimidated and overly impressed, so we made no overtures to get to know them.

Across the street, behind the hotel and fountain, was Silk Sock Row. Here the engineers, store managers, mine inspectors, office managers, and the "big bosses" lived. Each house had two stories and a large front porch. There were three bedrooms upstairs, a large living room, dining room and kitchen downstairs. There was a white porcelain sink, with a cabinet under it, in the kitchen and full size bathroom upstairs. These men were paid a salary and lived better than most folks in town. These were the people who had woven rugs on the floor, lace curtains at the windows, and fruit in the house when no one was sick.

When you turned left at the only red light in town, at the end of Main Street near the Jail, you were on Front Street. This street led to the mine. Both sides of the street were lined with two-story houses that were divided down the middle, even to a bannister that divided the front and back porches. Two families occupied each house. These were the double houses (duplex was not in our vocabulary at that time). There were two

rooms upstairs and two rooms downstairs. In the kitchen, water ran from a spigot about a foot above the white porcelain sink that sat on four metal legs. Most of the women put a skirt around the bottom to hide the legs and provide a place where potatoes, onions, and metal cans, filled with meal and flour, could be stored. All the yards were fenced and there was an outside toilet for each family. The front porches were level with the sidewalk. A walk to the store or post office meant visiting with all the women who had their house work done. They had scrubbed their porches (it was dusty from the mine and porches were scrubbed daily). They had combed their hair, put on clean starched aprons over their cotton dresses, and were now ready to visit with their neighbors from the swings on their front porches. These were the families of the foremen, tippie bosses, policemen; men who weighed the coal and held some of the more responsible positions with the Company. These men were salaried and did not belong to the Union.

Others who lived on Front Street were Union men who shot the coal, ran machinery inside the mine, and "bossed" crews. These families lived almost exclusively out of the Company store. They would "draw script" daily and purchase what they needed at the store. The amount was deducted from the miner's paycheck on the first and the fifteenth of the month. Large families and "poor managers" often did not get a pay check. They owed the store more than they made.

Behind the rows of houses on Front Street was Back Street. A small road separated the rows of small three room houses. Since no one owned cars, there was no traffic except for the Company maintenance trucks. These were the "shotgun" houses. Did they really get this name when a drunk miner stood on the front porch and fired his shotgun through the front door and the buckshot traveled through the three rooms and out the back door? (That's what the old timers told us.) Since there was no plumbing in these houses, spigots, from which the families carried their water, were placed at intervals along the street. Every house had an outside toilet. The lots were large and there was either a creek or a mountain behind them, so these families usually had a garden, a small barn, and some chickens. The men who lived here loaded the coal and were paid by production (how many tons they could load); they set the timbers that supported the roof of the mine; they shoveled "gob," a waste product of coal that had to be loaded and hauled out of the mine. They worked the "hoot owl" shift and cleaned up when the loaders were through for the day. They did the brute work, dangerous work, and were the lowest paid of all the miners. They were strong Union men. These men had worked in the mines before the Union was organized. They had helped fight the bloody war to get a Union in the mining industry. Many had lost relatives and friends. They knew and appreciated the progress that had been made in improving their wages and benefits. After God, John L. Lewis was their Master.

A Company maintenance crew worked full time keeping the houses repaired and painted. They kept all the buildings in town painted and the streets and sidewalks in good shape. They swept the streets with long-handled brooms and cut any weeds that dared grow beside the roads.

At the end of Main Street stood the huge tippie. It had a crosswalk over the small unpaved road and steps going everywhere. There was a laboratory and other mysterious open rooms throughout the tippie. The mine was to the left of the tippie. The miners brought low, flat cars, loaded with coal, to the opening of the mine and dumped the coal into a chute. From the bottom of the chute, a large conveyor belt, which looked like it had strips of leather and strips of chain, transported the coal to the tippie. The belt jostled the coal and the small pieces of coal sifted down through the belt and fell into a large body of black, thick water. This hole was cleaned from time to time and the waste was hauled to the slate dump. After being carried to the tippie, the coal was processed. It was then loaded into coal gons, weighed, and hauled out to its many destinations on the rails that had opened the mountains to the outside world.

When the shifts changed, the miners came out of the mine, black as the coal they had been loading; the carbide lamp on their hard-hull hat still burning. Their

steel-toed boots kicked up the dust around the mine opening as they made their way to the bath house, a long, metal building with a pot bellied stove in each end, where coal was burned when heat was needed. Long wooden benches ran down both sides of the building and showers were at one end. The miners would go home clean to their families with no trace of "bug dust."

Gathering on the front porches, the families waited for the man of the house to come down the street carrying his two-piece metal dinner bucket. The bottom half was used for drinking water and the top section was for his food. Many of the small children checked the dinner bucket and found a "store" cake or an apple their Dad had saved for them.

There was a Company doctor and nurse. The doctor's office was painted green inside and out and contained very little medical equipment. In this clean, sparsely furnished office, the doctor managed to save many lives after slate falls, explosions, and other accidents around the mine. He was always busy on Saturday nights when he sewed up split lips and scalps. Fights always broke out when some of the miners went on their Saturday night binge. The doctor removed bullets and treated gunshot wounds because there was always a drunk who wanted to "shoot it out."

The hospital consisted of three rooms in back of the doctor's office. Each room had a white metal hospital bed, a white metal night stand, a white metal floor lamp with a swivel neck, and a white metal chair. The more serious cases could stay at the hospital until they recovered. Most babies were delivered at home, and office calls were practically unheard of. You didn't go to the doctor for a check-up or minor illness; you went when you were seriously ill or injured.

A dentist was available to pull teeth. You never went to a dentist unless your tooth was hurting so badly and was so far gone, it had to be pulled.

Policemen were hired and paid by the Company. Their job was dangerous and they were respected by the Company and the community. The miners and mountaineers were a rough bunch who liked to drink bootleg whiskey or home brew that they made in their kitchens. They also liked to fight. Most of them carried guns and they would use them. They felt they could settle any differences with their fists or a gun. No one ever sued anyone or went to court. The policeman had to be above reproach, show no favoritism, and be fair. He had to settle arguments between children, between parents and teachers, between jealous women, and between husbands and wives. The policeman had to have an understanding of the people and know each one as an individual. He had to have a cool head and a long fuse to survive. On a Saturday night, he had to break up five to ten fights, and often he was as bloody and bruised as the participants. He could never show fear lest he be run out of town.

By 2 o'clock Sunday morning, the jail was full. The men slept it off, were given a bologna sandwich for breakfast, and released to go home by noon on Sunday. They needed to get a good night's sleep and go to work on Monday. If someone had killed another person, he was taken to the County Seat to stand trial.

The policeman left his home on Friday evening, returning only to change his bloody clothes or eat, until after the movie on Sunday night. He was always on call. People knocked at his door at all hours of the night. The policeman not only kept the peace, he was confidant and friend. He knew each family, each child and his situation at home.

Many historians (mostly outsiders) think life in the coal fields was oppressive and that the mining companies had too much control over the people. I never found it to be that way.

Entertainment was provided by the Company. There was a tennis court, a basketball court, the fountain where young and old could dance to the jukebox and have a hot dog and a bottled drink. Baseball fields were built. Each town had a baseball team. The Company hired good players and gave them easy jobs at a good salary. The community took a lot of pride in their teams, and rivalry between the towns was very

strong. If it didn't rain, a double header was played every Sunday afternoon in the summer.

Labor Day was a big day. The Company furnished cold drinks and food and decorated the ball field. Country bands and local talent entertained. The children were given balloons. Sometimes there was an airplane with a man standing on its wing, as it dipped and dived to the oohs and aahs of the children and the grown-ups.

The fourth of July brought watermelon, ice cream, and fireworks. The school band, dressed in the heavy uniforms the Company had paid for, played.

Christmas Eve was very special. There was a huge tree in the center of town, with hundreds of lights on it. There was always a Santa Claus who had a brown paper sack for each child. He sat on the theatre porch to distribute these goodies. You stood in line in the middle of the street, waiting your turn. Your breath would be white from the cold. You'd stomp your feet to try to keep warm, as you sang "Joy to the World" louder than the little girl in front of you. When you finally reached Santa Claus, he gave you a hug and handed you your brown paper bag. When you opened the bag, the smell of the red delicious apple hit you in the face...you knew it was Christmas! An orange, some English walnuts, and hard candy completed your gift from Santa.

As you left the steps of the theatre, you could see the older boys getting baskets of food out of the back door of the Company store. They started off in different directions to deliver the baskets to the widows of the miners. No one was forgotten on Christmas.

So, historians and sociologists aside, I feel the mining town of 1940 provided a secure, eventful, happy life for many families.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt was our beloved and respected President. Our young men were still home with their families...Pearl Harbor was completely unknown to us.

Children walked to school (consolidation was a word we learned to spell in the fourth grade) where grades one through twelve were taught at the same location in town.

High School proms were held in big, clap-board gyms, where Juniors and Seniors danced under colored crepe paper streamers to Glen Miller's records of "In the Mood" and "String of Pearls."

The Grit paper was sold from door to door by young enterprising entrepreneurs, who received six boxes of Clovevine salve for their effort, which they sold for additional profit.

In 1940, you could ride the passenger train from Wayland to Garrett for ten cents. The upholstered seats felt rough against your legs, but the little snow white, linen towel over the head rest made you feel almost regal, as the conductor walked through the car, collecting your dime and handing you a ticket with a small hole punched through the word "Garrett."

It was a time of innocence and tranquility, children played outside after supper...catching lightning bugs at dusk...throwing a ball over a house as they yelled, "annie over"...kicking a can and then making a mad dash to their favorite hiding place.

When mothers called their children in to wash up before bed, they washed in a porcelain pan of water on a white metal side table in the kitchen. Sleep came quickly as the lights went out in all the houses, leaving only the street lights burning, which gave the small town the appearance of a many-faceted diamond, sparkling between the folds of the emerald green mountains of Eastern Kentucky.

LOVING THE UNCERTAIN

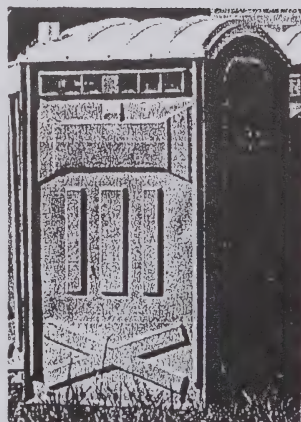
She says she doesn't believe in sex
 Her eyes tell a different story
 As she cruises and boozes another night away
 No one can see her pride and glory
 Nobody knows her past
 Only what the present delivers
 Now as she approaches me, I will forgive her

Kiss me with your smile
 Opened brown eyes that shine
 Can you see the love expressed in written emotion?
 Hearts beating the same rhythms never become entwined

I'm waiting for you on the other side
 Strong feelings can be so hard to hide

Between the sarcasm and cynicism
 Eager arms wait to hold you
 All I'm left with is a love that never was
 Understanding the sadness that use to enfold you
 Tell me all of your secrets
 I swear they'll be just between you and me
 Forget our differences
 Until we speak our hearts and minds
 Let us become one individually.....

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Dreams

She stepped out of the pine forest into the meadow. A soft breeze caught her curls as she ran after the shaggy dog, rolling and tumbling down the hill. The sound of laughter drifted up to me, and I looked up from my journal and smiled. She suddenly became quiet, and my curiosity peaked as I saw her looking at the ground; so I got up and went to see what she was so intent upon.

"Look Mommy," she said, "It's the yellow brick road!"

Looking down, I saw three faded yellow bricks. I started to move away some of the underbrush and weeds and I saw more ragged yellow bricks.

"Will we get to see the land of Oz, Mommy?" she asked.

I kept working until I had uncovered a path of the dull yellow bricks. My own imagination soared. Could there really be a land of Oz? Suddenly the bricks came to an abrupt stop at the edge of what was obviously a step to the porch of a house long gone and forgotten.

As we walked home in the fading sunlight, I couldn't help but think that maybe somewhere, there is a land of Oz. But even if there isn't, no matter how old we are, we can still dream....

Denise Moore

Twilight's End

The sun disappeared behind the forested horizon, turning the once bleak and dreary clouds into liquid crimson and amber flowing across the sky. It was an unusual ending to a soggy, dark day. The last bits of light shown down upon the peaceful town of Sheren, and set a glow in the faces of the townspeople as they slowly prepared for the coming evening. The blacksmith finished his daily mending of metal and pulled on a clean leather tunic. The clerks shut their windows, locked the doors to their shops, and slowly left for home. The Broken Stone Tavern's front door was open to the last rays of light, as well as the weary folk tired from a day's toil. All was well under the sky slipping from day to night.

There was a sizeable crowd gathering inside the well-lit tavern. The people were in very good spirits because all knew that Horseshoe would soon be entertaining them with his weaving tales, of mystical places and beings, that happened long ago in lands far removed. The old story teller was only in town for a short while and after his stay was done he would leave the people of Sheren with wondrous memories. He would return some years later to weave his magical tales once more for the people of this small, quiet town.

Nearly all of the townspeople were gathered around the large common room in the Broken Stone. Two young village girls gossiped quietly, unnoticed amid the buzz of excited voices and laughter.

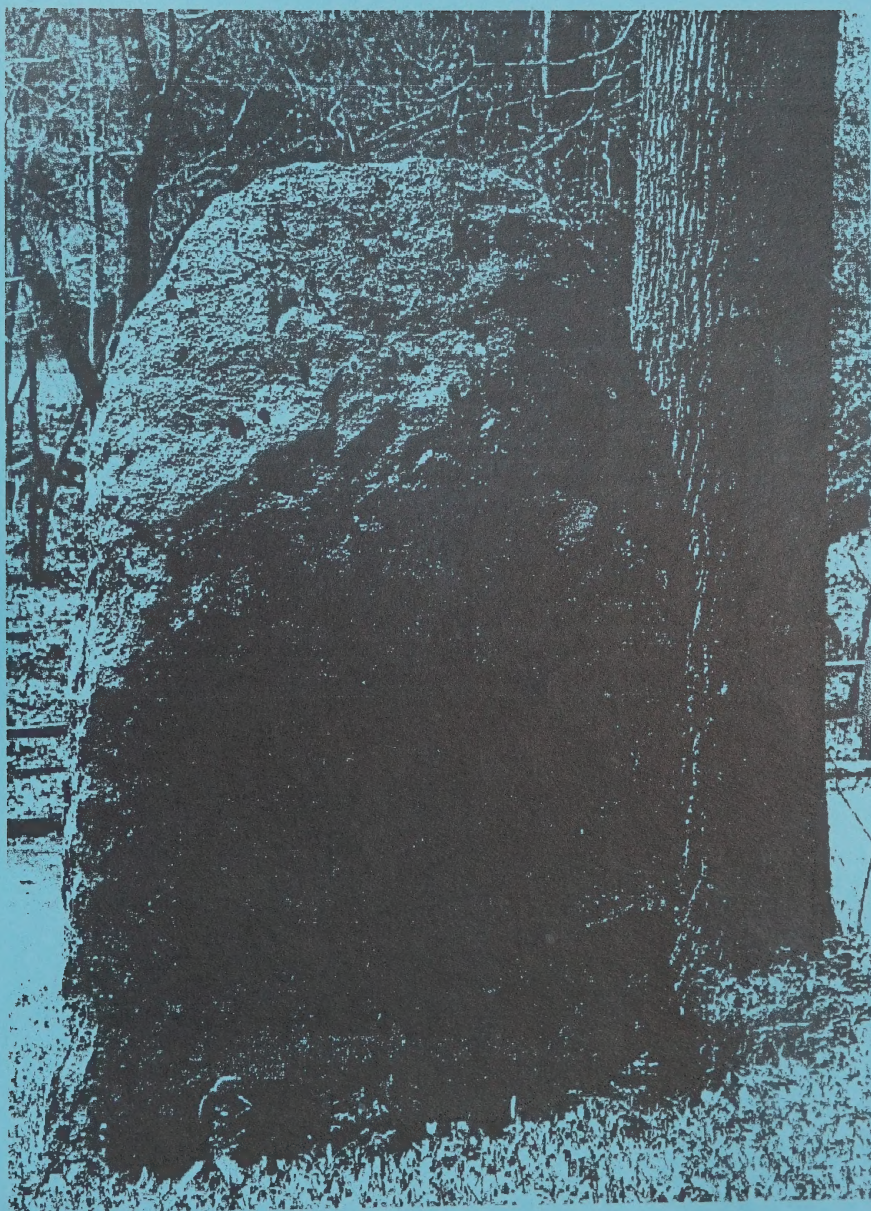
"I can't believe it, a bard in Sheren. It's been almost a two years and a half since the last time," Lorkis said, with eyes wide with hopes of the wonders that were about to unfold.

"I know. I just wish Babden and Quin were here too, instead of off hunting," said Josh, with a twinge of disappointment.

The crowd hushed as the Bard stood upon a stout oak table and took one long last drag off a mug of ale. He then set the empty mug aside, and with the flick of his arm appeared a thin silver flute. The members of the crowd asked him to play a tune that would give their feet a mind of their own, and play he did.

by Wendell W. Cisco III





Tombstone

Enter HAMLET.

HAMLET To be, or not to be, that is the
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles
And by opposing end them. To die,
No more; and by a sleep to say we
The heartache, and the thousand
That flesh is heir to. 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished—to die,
merchance to dream,
an of death when
med off the

Pen & Ink